

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suff.* I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
*Ione* sometime went disguise, and why not I?

*Cap.* I, but *Ione* was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

*Suff.* Base Iady groome, King *Henr.* es blood,  
The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,  
Cannot be shed by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go *Water* take him hence,  
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suff.* Thou dar'st not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes *Pole.*

*Suffolke.* *Pole.*

*Cap.* I *Pole*, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
He stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
Smild'st at good Duke *Humfries* death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suffolke.* This villaine being but Captaine of a Pinnis,  
Threatens more plagues then mighty *Abradas*,  
The great *Macedonian* Pyrate,  
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds shall stay thy fury soone.

*Suffolke.* Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene *Margaret*?  
Hast not thou kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?  
and bare-head plodded by my footclooth Mule,  
and thought thee happy when I smilde on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish tongue.

*Cap.* Away with him *Water*, I say, and off with his head.

*Prison.* Good my Lord, entreate him mildly for your life.

*Suff.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,

*Sau.*

*Torke and Lancaster.*

Sauē to the God of heauen, and to my King:  
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot plead  
To such a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake?  
I long to haue his head for ransome of mine eye.

*Suff.* A Swordar and Bandetto slauē  
Murdered sweete Tully.

Brutus bastard hand stabd Iulius Cæsar,  
And Suffolke dyes by Pirates on the seas.

*Exit Suffolke and Water.*

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ransomlesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.  
Come lets go.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.*

*George.* Come away Nicke, and put a long staffe in thy pike, &c.  
prouide thy selfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two  
dayes.

*Nicke.* Then they had more neede to go to bed now,  
But sirra *George*, what's the matter?

*George.* Why sirra, Iack Cade the Dier of Ashford heere,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on't.

*Nicke.* I marry he had need so, for tis growne thred-bare,  
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these Gentlemen came  
vp.

*George.* I warrant thee thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a lea-  
ther apion now a-daies.

*Nicke.* But sirra, who comes else beside Iacke Cade?

*George.* Why there's Dicke the butcher, and Robin the Sadler,  
and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry  
and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, & a great  
sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maidstone & Can-  
terbury, and all the townes hereabouts, and we must be al Lords  
or Squires, as soone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be comming.

*Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom,*

*Harry, and the rest with long staves.*

*R. 3.*

*Cade.*